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## The Ghostly Lovers

## By WILLIAM JAMES PRICE

I sit within the haunted house
Which stands upon a hill.
Its rooms, once merry with carouse,
Tonight are weirdly still.

Yet now, as midnight tolls in town From bells of old St. Paul's, A maiden clothed in silken gown Her gallant lover calls.

And shortly, through the oaken door,
One enters, young and fair.
His footsteps echo on the floor
And up the silent stair.

He folds the girl in loving arms;
His lips to hers are pressed,
While she conceals her virgin charms
Upon his manly breast.

But while they love, an angry face From eery closet peeps, And from his haunted hiding place A jealous lover creeps.

I see, in swiftly moving fist,
A flashing dagger gleam,
When suddenly, from out the mist,
Resounds a piercing scream!

They vanish—I no more behold.

And yet the early dawn

Reveals two mounds above the mold,

Although the ghosts are gone!